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 WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1912.

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WILSON, THE PEOPLE'S CHAMPION.

Government of the people, by the people and for the people is not dead in the United States. Perhaps never in the history of this country has a more impressive demonstration of the power of popular rule been given than in the overwhelming election of Woodrow Wilson yesterday. In 1912 the first great upheaval in the United States of men against entrenched privilege took place, and Andrew Jackson and his cousin came roared through the streets of Washington and shook the seats of the mighty to their foundations, but the republic endured. The battle that was joined under Jackson has never ended. For long periods the fight has seemed to be over, the cause of the people has seemed to be dead and abandoned, while the beneficiaries of special privilege were apparently safe in the possession of unbreakable power. That was how it seemed in 1854, when the Republican party was drunk with long tenure of power and still flushed with the ravishment of the presidential office by the seating of Hayes. But the heart of the republic was still sound, and Grover Cleveland, the simple Governor, met James G. Blaine, the plumed knight, and vanquished him because not even Blaine, with all his prestige and all his backing, could bear the crushing burden of special privilege and win.

Special privilege, there is the enemy!

There is the foe of freedom; there is the destruction of self-government. Insidiously, the heart of the American citizen knows this. Often the voter is deflected from his natural impulse by outside causes; often he is befuddled by sophistical reasoning—but that instinct for perceiving and grappling with the real and final enemy has never been lost. It was that instinct that sent Cleveland back to power in 1892 on a wave of votes that only Governor Wilson's can equal. It was the denial of that instinct and the betrayal of that trust and the cowardly or corrupt paltering with special privilege that destroyed the Democratic party in 1894, and so disrupted its ranks that for sixteen years the Republicans were placed and kept in power and given free rein as they raised the tariff walls, so that the public might be plundered to fatten special privilege.

Like blind Samson, the wage-earner, the clerk, the small householder and professional man were made to grind the mill of the Philistines, and to the public, as to Samson, there came finally a clear sense of the cruel wrong it was suffering and of the power it possessed to break those chains of bondage and regain large freedom.

It was this sense of cruel oppression by the government and the government's favorites that drove the people from Maine to Florida to vote for Wilson. It was deep indignation, not devoted democracy, that turned the Republicans out. The spirit that put Wilson in office was a bitter protest against existing political conditions, not a theoretic acceptance of "Democracy."

But the effect on the voter and on the life of the nation is the same. Fundamentally, the Democratic party is a party of protest, as the Republican party is a party of privilege. Democracy has no rich rewards for its followers. It will dole out no tariff bounties, nor scatter immunities to its favorites. But like the flashing lightning, it can clear the sky and let through the sunlight of honest government and equal opportunity. And the rewards of Democracy are none the less real because they are diffused. This country has been a long time learning that prosperity means prosperity for all, not fabulous opulence for a few. It is to restore this opportunity for all and to break down the special advantages of the few that Governor Wilson has been elected. He carries with him to-day the hopes and beliefs of more Americans than ever any President had before. These hopes are justified and these beliefs well-founded. He has prepared himself for this fight. He has no friends to reward. He has no obligations to fulfill. When he is tempted by sinister and sordid powers he throws his fortunes in the balance that he might stand free to serve if he served at all. He stands as the chosen apostle and champion of a great people to proclaim and enforce the gospel that the republic is opportunity. To make that creed a fact in everyday life is the work that lies before the Democratic party. May it have sagacity and insight and courage and power to vitalize anew that fundamental principle of this nation. May it strip off the trappings and armor of special privilege. May it re-establish the equality of all before the law and restore this government to the people who own it. May it make real the truth, the republic is opportunity!

THE DEFEAT AT ARMAGGEDDON.

Theodore Roosevelt was defeated because the people of the United States did not believe his claims to be the chosen instrument of their salvation. He was defeated because the people repudiated the third term am-

bition, because he failed to stand for a real solution of many economic ills by a reduction in the tariff, because he advocated legalized monopoly and because his candidacy represented an imperialistic and individual ambition, not the fundamental democracy of the popular will. The vote he received speaks only of the unrest and discontent that seeks an emotional and spectacular relief, and does not cling to the ideal of solving grave problems by the vital principles of sincerity and justice.

He is not a vulgar charlatan, or a cheap demagogue, but he is fundamentally weak in the elements of real statesmanship. He is a master hand at voicing the discontent of a great people, but he is constitutionally, morally and intellectually incapable of searching for and finding the remedy for the conditions he laments. He understands the turbulence of the American people, their love of the spectacular and their passion for the big and thrilling aspects of political life. He does not understand their love for sanity, for sincerity, for simplicity and essential character. His cry for social justice did not convince, because in his term as President and in his plea for a third term he never assailed the fundamental causes of social injustice.

There was no country-wide rush to his standard. His main strength was shown in States where the fortunes of politics and the disruption of the Republican party gave him the control of the machine. Where he went before the people as the herald of a new day, and had no other influence save his own program, he did not receive the support of thoughtful and independent voters. Neither his personal popularity nor his ardent championship of better living conditions drew the vote anticipated. Henceforth, if the cause of humanity seeks a leader, it will not be Theodore Roosevelt.

He was defeated, but the demands he voiced were not defeated. Much of lofty and noble idealism burned in the hearts of thousands who sought to hurry a better day by using his marvelous public gifts. This idealism still lives, and will find in the plain democracy of Woodrow Wilson the true answer to its hopes.

TEA-TIME IN NEW YORK.

What do you think New York is worrying about now? Not the sun-men, the death of good plays, or why the Glanis lost, but whether or not it shall imitate "dash old England" and have afternoon tea served to its office-workers. The idea is that the tired business men, the blonde stenographers and the dapper clerks need a gentle and innocuous refreshment to break the weary waste of afternoon. Of course the idea did not originate in New York. Real ideas never do. It comes from Washington, where the women in the Treasury Building are to have a room set apart for tea-drinking, and where two assistant secretaries of state already have the mild beverage served at their desks at half-past 4 each day.

The innovation is being applauded, especially by women workers. One office already has an electric samovar and a volunteer hostess who sees that her colleagues get tea, along with tasteful wafers, lemon and rock candy, all in gold band china. The blessings of tea are thus set forth by a feminine devotee.

What a difference it would make that cup of tea in the office at half-past 4! It would relieve the long afternoon for the stenographer, who must go to lunch at 12 so that her chief can go to 1. It would cheer the commuter as he starts on his long homeward way. It would save Heaven knows how many brain workers from the dreary "twilight of volition" that settles down on them between 5 and 7. Why not have a cup of tea instead of sitting in dissolution during the two hours before dinner?

Besides, how it would humanize the office-folk right on the premises! Even the grave New York Times has entered into the discussion. It thinks that whoever suggested the English custom in our bracing climate "deserves rebuke." The London atmosphere is so oppressive that workers in it need some stimulation. But in America even the drinking of whiskey is a dwindling custom, and tea-drinking should be limited to mealtimes. We are not yet rich enough to waste an hour of the best part of the day in such frivolity.

In fact, we think too many stimulants are already used in this country. Tobacco and the nerve-exciting drinks of the soda-fountain are becoming more and more necessary. A period of rest and recreation in the long afternoon might be a help to good work, but the time had better be spent in sane physical exercise out-doors rather than in the pointless "milling of tea and gossip."

A MORE INTELLIGIBLE BALLOT NEEDED.

The present form of ballot for constitutional amendments in Virginia is altogether inadequate. In fact, our system of submitting proposed changes in the organic law to the electorate is insufficient, because there is no correct and complete method by which the people can be informed as to what they are voting upon and what are the arguments on both sides of the issues to be decided. Thousands of voters yesterday doubtless balloted upon the constitutional amendments with the scantiest possible knowledge of what effect the changes would have if passed and what would be their effect if they were not passed; many others were not passed; many others were framed from voting altogether because they lacked any information as to the amendments. If the voters had been adequately informed, the result would have been more intelligently

reached. So vital a matter as a change in the supreme law of the State ought not to be wrought in confusion, misinterpretation, misunderstanding and ignorance.

The ballot should certainly be more intelligible. To this end, it should be as detailed and complete as a legislative bill in that it should state what the section proposed to be amended is, what the change sought to be made is and how the section will read after having been changed. Moreover, the Oregon plan of officially informing the electorate of the issues upon which it is to pass should be followed in Virginia. At a reasonable period before the election, say thirty days, there should be mailed by the State to every qualified voter a statement fully informing him of the purport of proposed amendments. Following such statement there should be a brief digest of the arguments advanced by the proponents and by the opponents of each and every measure. Through such a method, the average voter could sufficiently become acquainted with the questions which later he would be called upon to decide. The statement for the voter's guidance could be compiled by State authorities acting in agreement with both sides on each question. The printing, posting and mailing would entail some expense, but in view of the public service rendered, the practice would be well worth while.

In the election yesterday there were thousands of voters who were totally uninformed of the issues for their decision and the arguments for and against their action. The newspapers which have discussed the questions fairly have an incalculable circulation in many counties, and in other counties the people have been kept informed of only one side of the question because of the unfair newspapers which have suppressed the other side. Even were the press entirely impartial, it could not reach all of the electorate. The State should inform the voters fully and fairly as to what issues they must decide.

COURTESY AT PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Richmond is being treated to the best musical and dramatic attractions ever brought before local audiences. The plays recently presented have reached a uniformly high level of artistic excellence. Acting, settings and management have achieved metropolitan perfection. The local playhouse is being remodeled into a charming modern theatre, comfortable for the audiences and adequate for the players. The visiting companies and the local amusement purveyors have done everything possible to add distinction to the present season. But have the theatre-goers co-operated to do their share?

Certainly many audiences this fall have not shown that fine sense of public courtesy that considers other people. The first act of practically every play presented has been in whole or in part spoiled by the noise and confusion due to late arrivals. This wilful and selfish disregard of the pleasure of other people is peculiarly out of place in a community where good manners have been a tradition for years. This is worse than thoughtlessness. It is downright rudeness to the actors, who are giving their best, and to the great majority of the audience that comes on time and wants to see a whole play, unbroken by tardy entrances.

The house management can do nothing. The law forbids keeping any person standing in the rear of the auditorium. To keep late arrivals altogether out of the house during a whole act is too drastic a measure to be employed. They have to be seated, and each one is a new source of annoyance, not only to his immediate neighbors, but to the entire gathering. The only remedy is in the hearts and consciences of the guilty. If they intend to come to the theatre, they should come on time. The curtain rises at a definite moment. There is no delay. It is as easy to get to the theatre five minutes before the first act as in the middle. As for music, the strictest rule should be enforced that no person be seated during any number. In many places, people will not enter during music; but if that stage of civic responsibility has not been reached here, the doors should be closed. Richmond cannot risk earning a national reputation for uncouth manners.

The battle of Armageddon turned out to be a massacre.

The most pathetic bulletin flashed to the world last night was President Taft's announcement that he would return to Cincinnati and resume the practice of law.

Where is the old-fashioned boy that ate horsehead candy to cure his bad cold?

According to the Spartanburg Herald, Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, president of Wofford College, delivered at the Spartanburg Wilson-Marshall Day celebration last Saturday, "what is declared to have been the most remarkable and the most finished political address ever made in the South." Going some, Doc!

The feeling here which the amorous Orange Observer puts over marriage accounts is "Linked in Love." O you caramels!

As the first link for that ocean-to-ocean road through Richmond, let's snail paving Broad Street.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

According to Uncle Abner, a feller will wallow in baby talk before he gets married, but afterward he starts to break up the furniture if his wife calls him by a pet name.

There ain't nothing that will last longer than a love letter that a feller hadn't order written in the first place.

It's a queer world. Before marriage a feller always wants to go buggy ridin' and the gal don't, and after they are married she always wants to go and he ain't got no time.

When a feller goes along the street lookin' at himself in the plate glass winders he is either in love or he has got a new hat, and most likely it's both.

A single woman kin get herself up a mighty sight cheaper than she kin after she is married.

Fence rail advertisin' pays—the painter.

To a Splinter.
 The leaflets turn
 From green to gold.
 The northern breeze
 Is growing cold.

'Tis late we know
 But do not fret,
 Be brave and you
 May find him yet.

Do not give up,
 Keep on, m' dear.
 Remember this
 Is still Leap Year.

From The Hickoryville Clarion.
 Old Man Purdy has got a new wooden leg made out'n Norway poplar, and every time he stands still in the mud for a minute his leg takes root and he has to have it chopped loose by the hook and ladder department.

Elmer Jones bought a bottle of violet ink at Tibbitts grocery the other day. Ah, there Elmer, what's the lady's name?

Miss Lottie Bibbins expects to take a course in a musical observatory this winter. Hank Tumms says he always thought an observatory was a place where they keep followers.

They are both wrong. An observatory is the place where the weather comes from.

William Tibbitts sold a package of hooks and eyes Thursday. Must be somebody is having a new dress made at this writing.

Elmer Jones's shoulder was all covered with powder the other day which he said he got by carryin' home a sack of flour. Tell that to the marines, Elmer. A feller don't go to a milliner store to buy flour.

Grandma Perkins is not much better at this writing and there ain't many hopes for her. She latched and plastered two houses last week and is digging a well at this writing for Uncle Ezra Harkins.

Amos Butts, our popular and congenial undertaker, has gone to Chicago for an extended visit of two days. Those expecting to die please call up his wife, who is also an expert embalmer, also messaging, manicuring, chiropodist and palm reading.

Hank Tumms drops a quarter in the collection plate at the meeting house every Sunday and takes out a half dollar change. No kick has been made, as the folks believe the money may as well go to the heathen at home as abroad.

Thieves have been robbin' William Tibbitts's ice chest and he has went down to the city to buy one of those chest protectors he has seen advertised so much of late.

Some fellow cut a hole in the meeting house and when Old Man Purdy started to pump her up she blew him out of the window. There wasn't no wind for the organ, so Rev. Hudnut made up the deficiency by preaching an hour longer than usual.

Voice of the People
 Progress on Robinson Street.
 To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
 Dear Sir,—You have unintentionally done us injustice in your article of Monday about progress of work on Robinson Street.

On October 14, a day or two after receiving the contract, we went to work with all the men there was room for, and have kept a good force on ever since.

We have not fallen in our promise, nor has the railway company restrained us in any way.

It must be remembered that the force is limited by the length of track which can be thrown out of use at any one time.

We will thank you to publish this as a correction.
 Yours truly,
 STAMPER, RAGLAND & CO.
 November 6.

A Reproach to Any People.
 We're nearing the end of a heated discussion 'bout tariff, child labor, injustice and theft.
 The falsehoods worked off and the hot-air confusion Cannot be computed; we hope there's none left.

The country's grown tired of the whole dispute, And sick of the slander that's been slung around 'Bout men 'bove reproach—men with good reputation, Whose ethical standards have always been sound.

We're glad it's near over, all of us are shoutin', Four years now we're 'spectin' de-

THE TROUBLES OF TURKEY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright 1912 By John T. McCutcheon.)



One year ago—"What chance have I against Italy? My strength is my army, not my navy."



New—The Turkish army in action.

DISABLED VESSEL

MAKES PORT SAFELY

In Her Bow Is Hole Big Enough to Let Street Car Pass Through—Captain and Crew Have Narrow Escape.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Newport News, Va., November 5.—With a hole in her starboard bow through which a street car could pass, and badly down by the bow, the Norway-Mexico Gulf liner Norenga, which was in collision last Friday morning at 4:30 o'clock with the sailing ship Glenduff ninety miles south of Cape Hatteras, arrived here to-day in tow of the revenue cutter Onondaga and was immediately hauled out in dry dock No. 2, so as to prevent her from sinking. For the last two hours of the journey to this port it was expected that the Norenga would go down every minute, and the lifeboats were kept ready to be lowered so as to save the captain and crew.

Captain Hanson, skipper of the Norenga, said after his arrival that the collision occurred with a bright moon shining. Such a light, he explained, makes it almost impossible to see the red and green lights displayed by vessels, and to the failure of the lookouts on both vessels to see those lights the collision is attributed. The Glenduff is now bound here in tow of two wrecking tugs, and is expected in the morning. She has a big hole

in her bow and her two forward hatches are flooded.

Six men of the Glenduff's crew were brought here, and they tell a thrilling tale of the accident. They declare that after the collision the captain of the Glenduff deserted his ship, he and the ship's company of twenty-two men, taking to the small boats and rowing to the Norenga, which stood by after the collision. Later the captain and sixteen men returned to the ship, and they are now on board her.

The Norenga towed the sailing ship until the storm of Saturday afternoon, when the hawser parted. Wireless calls for help were sent out and were answered by the battleships of the Southern drill grounds. Four of these ships, the Idaho, Minnesota, Vermont and Utah, reached the helpless vessels Sunday night about the same time that the cutter Onondaga and wrecking tug Merritt arrived.

The Onondaga too the Norenga in tow and the wrecking tug picked up the Glenduff. The passengers and some of the crew of the Norenga were transferred to the Onondaga Sunday morning. Captain Hanson and the officers of the Norenga had not slept a wink since the collision.

the influence either of the City Jail or of the police stations.

Juvenile Home at Ballard House
 (Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
 Lynchburg, Va., November 5.—A marriage of much local interest was solemnized to-night at 8 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Jester, Sr., when their daughter, Miss Hazel Glaze Jester, became the wife of George T. Jones, Rev. James Dunlop Paxton, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church, was the celebrant.

Miss Madeline Shuman sang "I Love You Truly," and Miss Emma Adams played "Love's Greeting." During the ceremony she rendered "Tranquility." Miss Gordon Smith was the maid of honor, and W. H. Gilliam, of Roanoke, was the best man.

No Change in Condition.
 (Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
 Lynchburg, Va., November 5.—Dr. W. W. Smith continues quite ill, though his condition shows no marked change in the past few days. He is suffering with Bright's disease, and is out one day and in bed the next.

Marriages in Washington.
 The following marriage licenses were issued in Washington yesterday: Thomas E. Fields and Hattie M. Fitch, both of Richmond; Percell W. Allen, of King, and Queen, and Wendie Kubank, of this city.

Congressman Potentially Hurt.
 Albuquerque, N. M., November 5.—Congressman George W. Goetz was yesterday injured to-night near Alamogordo in an automobile accident.

Last Willing Contribution.
 D. R. Lumsden sent in the very last contribution for the Wilson campaign fund. It was for \$2, and arrived yesterday, making the total collected by The Times-Dispatch \$27,588.

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,000,000

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Greyhound.
 Can you give me the address of some kennel from which I may buy a greyhound?
 No trade addresses will be given here. This has been stated many times. If you will send stamped, addressed envelope the address will be sent you.

Dividing Apples.
 My landlord reserved one dwelling and the garden attached and rented me the farm and the other dwelling for half of the crop. How should the apples be divided?
 Half and half.

Virginia Seal and Flag.
 Where may I get full information about the State seal and flag?
 The Secretary of the Commonwealth can send you the matter.

Sunflower Seedling.
 Can you advise where one may get the pattern for the old-fashioned sunflower budgitt?
 I asked about this some time since, but saw no reply.

Query was printed with the best advice we could give, viz: that you apply for the information to the Arts and Crafts Shop, Second and Franklin Streets, Richmond, Va.

Legion's Lament.
 Can you inform me where I may find a speech called, I think, "Legion's Lament"?
 Taken from Mr. Jefferson, it is to be found in many places. Probably the most accessible to you is McCutcheon's Fourth Reader, page 118.

Marriage in Washington.
 May a girl of eighteen obtain a marriage license in Washington city?
 Yes.

Woke Smith.
 Please tell me the date of election of Hoke Smith, of Georgia, to the Senate and the vote.
 R. R. STEVENSON
 July 11, 1911. Smith, 127; Terrell, 23; Steiwer, 12; Covington, 14; Watson, 5.

Work on Seaboard.
 (Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
 Suffolk, Va., November 5.—East-bound freight extra No. 361 ran into the rear of local freight No. 3, on the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, in the Suffolk yard this evening at 7 o'clock, throwing the engine from the track, badly breaking up several cars and blocking traffic for several hours.

Passenger trains from Portsmouth came over the Norfolk and Western tracks as far as Kirby. No one was injured.

A Hicker Altho' wants something 't boot.
 It's worth all it costs 't keep some in the family.

ABE MARTIN

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